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# The Only Good Zombie Is a Dead One



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## Chapter 1 by Jack Frost

The Zombocalypse struck last Friday.

All over the world, the dead rose from their graves, even in those nations where the dead were cremated and had no graves to rise from. They rose though they were too decomposed to rise, kicking and clawing through their wooden coffins and the earth over their graves, or the concrete doorways of their burial crypts, even though the impact should have broken their rotting bodies into pieces.

All over the world, the dead shambled towards the living, arms outstretched, drooling even though their salivary glands were dead so that they couldn't produce saliva; and moaning, even though they were dead and didn't breathe and therefore shouldn't be moaning.

All over the world, then, the zombies moaned and drooled and snacked (but only snacked) on the living, so that they, in turn, then began snacking lightly on more of the living. All over the world, militaries who would have thought nothing of tearing apart enemy armoured divisions were overwhelmed by a few rotting corpses staggering around. All over the world, bulldozer operators who might have shovelled the dead back into the ground abandoned their vehicles

and ran away, truck drivers who could have turned the zombies to paste beneath the wheels of their giant rigs gave up and joined the zombies. The nation tottered and began to fall.

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